

WAS THERE
ANYTHING
SPIRITUAL
ABOUT YOUR
VACATION?

RESTORATION

THERE WAS
ABOUT
OUR
SUMMER
SCHOOL!

VOL. IX.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JULY, 1956

No. 7.

A Love Letter To Almighty God

From
EDDIE DOHERTY

Lord God of the hills and woods,
I write to thank You for this perfect day.

I heard Your voice, as it spoke to Moses long ago, bidding him take off his shoes for the place whereon he stood was holy. And I took off my shoes, and walked into Your holy out-of-doors, and loved You with a singing heart.

I loved You for the carpet You flung out for me — the millions of soft cool pine needles, the thousands and thousands of strawberry plants, the hundreds of clumps of blue and purple violets, the bright vermillion pattern of the wintergreen, the acres of new grass.

New Uniforms

I marveled at the strawberries. Never have there been so many in this part of Your lovely earth. They have just begun to flower, due to the lateness of Your Spring and Summer. They are most beautiful in their uniforms of green and gold and creamy-white. What other plant of Yours changes its dress so often? Presently they will be staining the hillside red — and little children will stain their mouths and fingers red in picking them.

I marveled at all the gold You showed me. Those little black and white and yellow goldfinches — weren't they like flying dandelions, Lord? And the dandelions themselves — I saw a heavy bumble bee, drunk with the beauty of them, pulling down one yellow head (so that the slender stem made an exquisite arch), to drain what sweetness the wind and the sun had left it. The bee was black and yellow too — a yellow that blended with the brilliance of the flower.

I marveled at the golden butterflies that flitted everywhere — and the little blue-winged moths I mistook, sometimes, for Johnny-jump-ups. Once I saw such a blue-winged creature lighting on a violet its own color. You know, God, with what happiness my heart beat then — with what happiness and what love!

He Reminds Us

Now and then I paused to marvel — and to pray — at the fields of columbines, each like a flaming vigil light set in glasses of red and gold, upon a holy altar. What sensationally beautiful things You make, Almighty God. How wonderful You are. How gracious. To put such red and yellow into a simple wild flower! That we might see — and seeing, be reminded of Your love!

I marveled at the moss You put on rocks that my bare feet might not be scorched. Bright young green moss. Delicate old

JULY - SUMMER SCHOOL AGAIN - COMPLINE



Guests attending the Summer School of Catholic Action at Madonna House sing Compline, the evening prayer of the Church, sometimes in the chapel, sometimes on the lawn. Frequently the birds join in an antiphon before they settle down for another night in their nests.

silver-gray moss. Cool, yielding, gold-brown moss. Dead moss. Live moss. Moss with tiny pink and lavender blossoms growing in it. Moss with Your blessing in it. Moss that invited me to sit and rest, and to bare my heart to You, Maker of all things and all people.

I marveled at the sunlight and the shade. It was cool under the wide-spreading arms of that tall pine. I watched the play of light and shadow filtering through the branches. I listened to the grumbling of the dead limbs just above me.

Dead But Alive

Dead and black, they were, Lord; and ready to crack and fall at an angry look. Yet they had life enough in them to lament the good old days when pines were really pines — and to complain about the weakness and the softness of the present crop of pine cones.

I sat and looked and listened, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; I sat and looked and listened, and let the wind and the sun have their way with me, and the shadows fall where they might. And I even forgot, for a little while, the hordes of black flies and mosquitoes, as I emptied my heart at Your feet.

Under that tree every object about me, every flower, every tree, every patch of sumac, every rock, every bramble and vine and reed and waving blade of grass became a symbol of Your love, a guarantee of it, a solemn pledge that it would endure forever — forever and forever and forever.

Love Inescapable

Lord, I was surrounded by Your love. I saw it in the depths of the dead pine needles. I saw it in each bright strawberry blossom. I saw it in the goldfinch and the bumble bee and the bending dandelion, in the butterfly and the moth, in the rock on which I sat. I thought of a young lover pulling the petals of a daisy, one by one. "She loves me; she loves me not." But here there was no fear You might not love me. Everything said to me; "I love you, I Who am God, I love you!" And I said to you then, suddenly, and with incomparable joy, "I love You; I who am nothing, I love you, God!"

I would put my love on every flower if I could. On every twig. On every stone. On every grain of sand. On every little particle of moss. On everything You have made. I would have the whole world wear my love upon its sleeve, that it might be forever in Your sight. And hers. Your queen as well as mine. My love and that of all who are near and dear to me.

A Cactus Bloom

There was a time I did not love you, God. There was a time I loved you secretly, and talked to you only in the silence and the darkness of my room. But then my love for You became too great, too wonderful, to hide. It rivals the love I have known

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WHY WE OBEY

By
Francoise de Castro

There are many approaches to the problem of obedience, all of them incomprehensible to the modern mind which has lost the sense of God, the sense of sin, and the desire to love. Only the saints can speak well of obedience, because they alone truly know what it is to be loved by God, who "loved us first," and to give that love its proper response: absolute surrender.

Yet to all of us Christ shows the way. Whatever our state in life — whether with or without vows — the obedience of Christ will be our pattern and our goal, for its motive, for its practice, and for its fruits.

Obedience Is Better

"BEHOLD I COME, O GOD, TO DO THY WILL." Christ came into the world so that He might obey. For God is not satisfied with exterior sacrifices and burnt offerings. He wants "obedience, not sacrifice." He wants obedience, because to Him obedience is due. "AS THE POTTER'S CLAY IS IN HIS HAND, SO IS MAN IN THE HAND OF HIM THAT MADE HIM." (Ecc. 33, 13). But man disobeyed his Maker; sin came into the world; and to atone for sin, Christ became obedient, "OBEDIENT UNTO DEATH AND UNTO THE DEATH OF THE CROSS."

This "very bitter" death, as St. Thomas calls it, witnesses to Christ's love for His Father. For obedience is the fruit, not only of justice, but of love. "THAT THE WORLD MAY KNOW THAT I LOVE THE FATHER, AND THAT I DO AS THE FATHER HAS COMMANDED ME." (John, 14, 31). Christ's infinite love for His Father brings Him to accept, not only death, as prescribed by the divine decree, but the most painful kind of death. St. Paul in his very wording makes it clear, and Tenebrae of Holy Week emphasizes it dramatically, by having us sing it fragment after fragment from night to night, inviting us to penetrate deeper and deeper into the mystery: "OBEDIENT... UNTO DEATH... AND UNTO THE DEATH OF THE CROSS." Love gives beyond justice's demands.

His Will Be Done

In the same manner, the Christian will follow Christ, and dedicate himself to obedience, "THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE." Obedience is better than sacrifice. In other words, what makes the value of an act in the eyes of God is neither its difficulty per se, nor its scope, but the degree of its conformity to His will. Any smallest act of Our Lady is more precious to God than the most heroic sufferings of the martyrs, because her surrender is so complete.

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COMBERMERE DIARY

Item — One of the girls in the office in filing a few days ago was amazed to see that from April, 1955, to May, 1956, we had been supplied with and used 12,000 small altar breads, which means 12,000 Communion in our Chapel in that period of time!

Item — We had snow on May 16th!

The May guest roster shows the early influx of visitors this year: our good friend Fr. Robert from Edmonton; Larry Kichham back from a stint in Marian Center with many stories of the work there and the tremendous job that the Staff is doing in feeding and helping the transients; the long week-ends at Pentecost found 57 people at dinner!

The last week in May marked a welcome visitation from our good Bishop, Most Rev. William Smith. He was administering Confirmation in this area and stopped in to impart his blessing. (P.S. — We especially appreciated the treat he granted us of a weiner roast and six "late nights.")

Sally Ann Murphy was the lucky Staff Worker who drew the right to crown the statue of Our Lady on the new feast of Mary Queen of the Universe.

Our Aching Backs

The theme song of the boys these days is "Don't Fence Me In." They are learning from first-hand experience what the words "post holes," "wire stretchers" and barbed wire means on our two farms! The wonderful donation of a tractor has made possible an intensified and increased use of the land, and the possibility it offers towards greater self-sufficiency and feeding what "B" calls a "brood of hungry mouths."

Eddie wrote an article on our Summer School for the "Sunday Visitor" and at this writing we have been averaging for 10 days, 14 letters a day asking about it. Our big regret is that of these 140 inquiries so far, more than 100 are from families and as yet we are unable to accommodate them for an inexpensive and spiritually beneficial vacation. Say a prayer for some donors to help us to finish the Cana Colony so that we may provide facilities for this needed work.

When you will be reading this our Summer School will be in full swing, and it will be good to meet again so many of our old friends — and to welcome new people who, we know, will become friends, as they pass through the blue door of Madonna House.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF OUR YUKON NURSE

By Kathleen O'Herin

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon — A fine day to call on some of our Indian Families. It's mid-afternoon. A strong steady wind is blowing from the south. It swirls clouds of dust our way. One local doctor pointed out that dust could be the cause of the many local virus diseases in Whitehorse. Four small children and several dogs are playing in the middle of the road. The water truck circles them, then stops and fills two barrels at a shack close by. This is the only water supply for many homes, at \$1.00 a barrel. Just ahead is the sewage disposal cart.

A Visiting Nurse

First visit. Susan and her family live in a renovated barrack — one large room furnished with a small black cook stove, placed in the center, a table and two small chairs; four double beds, on two sides of the room. Four children are in school. John and Charlie are too young. Susan is relaxing by the fire. Several relatives from Teslin, B.C., have dropped in. Some are sitting on the floor, others reclining on the beds.

"Hello, Susan — how is everyone?"

"Charlie put his hand through the wringer. It hurts. He cries much. See, it hangs loose!"

I examine his arm. He winces. "You should see the doctor and nurse tomorrow. They will X-ray it to see if any bones are broken. What a brave boy. Let's see, I may have some candy in my pocket. Yes. What a nice smile!"

A Dull-Edged Bone

Julia lives next door, in the same building. One small, dark, long room, a pot-bellied stove at the far end. The air is hot, humid. It smells strongly of skins. Two little Indian girls are playing hide and seek. Both draw back and peek at me from behind the stove. Julia is sitting, knees hunched, on the floor, over a large moose hide stretched on a board. She is fleshing the hide. She has a dull-edged bone, and is stripping the fleshy inside from the skin. The hide will then be washed and smoked over a fire of decayed wood — to get that light tan color that is so attractive. She will soften the skin, then make moccasins for her family, or to sell. She may carry out the designs of her tribe. I watched fascinated and admired the patience and steadfastness of her work.

Next I call on Bluebell. She is from Little Salmon Area, and is married to an elderly white man. Their new little two room shack is just below the high sandy bluff overlooking Whitehorse. Stephen, the four year old is watching me from the window, nose pressed flat against the glass. He is dressed only in a small shirt. The baby is asleep, naked, in a crib. I promised to bring some warm boots and coveralls on my visit last week. A toy elephant and dog were added.

Toys and Beads

Stephen smiles and draws back. I show how squeaky and funny a toy elephant and dog can be — to his delight. A colorful sweater for Bluebell. She intends to visit Maryhouse before she leaves for Medicine Hat, Alberta, next week. I slip a blue rosary and a small statue of Our Lady into her hand. She is the only Catholic in her family. She hopes and prays that some day her husband will consent to have the two children baptized.

A couple of streets to the left, near the woodpile, lives Daisy. It is always a delight to visit her. We have a cup of tea. She has several funny stories to tell. Her adopted daughter is washing the dishes. She stands on tiptoe, her lips compressed, glances at me through her bangs, then goes back to work. When finished, she stands before Daisy with hands outstretched, palms up. The pay is collected. Two peppermint candies. She races out of doors, with two small dogs close behind. Baby Joe is asleep in his carriage.

Lord Love A Duck

We laugh over a funny incident. A man shot a duck out of season. He gave it to an Indian named Sandy. Sandy, afraid of arrest, gave it to a lady. She

didn't like duck. She gave it to a friend. The friend's son thought the aroma of roasting duck might attract the mounties. So he gave it to someone who gave it to Maryhouse. Our Mamie made a delicious duck stew.

Upon leaving I noticed a large amount of nails along the road. I remembered that a mechanic told us his garage had repaired as many as sixty flats in one day! Overhead a plane zoomed by — spraying the city. Mosquito Defense! We were warned by radio to remove all clothes from the line.

I almost collide with a young Indian girl hurrying home from school. "Sophie, you'll find a pretty pair of pyjamas on your front porch. Your mother wasn't home." With a hoot of joy she races past me — the pyjamas will be her gift to her mother — who gave her last pair to a needy Indian lady going to the hospital.

A Bed And A Swing

To the left of the avenue is the Indian Reserve. That is Violet sitting by a wood fire in her yard, heating a tub of water for her washing. She is engrossed in examining a sore tooth with a small hand mirror. I stand silently watching.

"Is Joe salmon fishing?" I ask. "We hear there is a big run this year."

"He's gone for two weeks. My tooth hurts. I can't tell which one it is."

"She doesn't rise. She keeps on examining that tooth."

I can see two babies through the open door. One lies on a bed. The other sleeps in a swing — two ropes and a piece of canvas. The baby's legs hang down.

I have time for one more call. A lovely young Indian girl, about ten years old, opens the door. "Is your mother in?"

Lady Of The Yukon

"Yes. She's sick." She backs away. I see a large, dark, untidy room. In one corner is a small stove. There are two beds, a few old broken chairs, and a table littered with tin cans, dirty dishes, odds and ends. There are dirty clothes strewn over the floor.

A young Indian woman glances at me, then turns away. The strong aroma of liquor tells the story. She has been crying. This is the home in which we feel inadequate — unwelcome — the home the white man must answer for. Silently I fondle the babe. "Lady of the Yukon, make us, the Staff workers of Maryhouse, an instrument in your hands, to bring you and your Son into these unhappy lives!"

The Secret of Mary

(Continued from last month)

There are three kinds of slavery. The first is the slavery of nature. In this sense all men, good and bad alike, are slaves of God. The second kind is the slavery of force. In this sense the devils and the damned are slaves of God. The third kind is the slavery of love and of free will. This is the slavery through which we must consecrate ourselves to God through Mary.

It is the perfect way for us to give ourselves to Him!

There is a great difference between a servant and a slave. One works for hire. The other has no right to wages of any kind. One is free to work for any employer, and to leave him for another at any time, and for any reason — or no reason. He serves only for a time, perhaps a few hours of the

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

The Precious Blood . . . The Sacred Heart . . . Somehow Heart and Blood associate themselves in the minds of men. Yet how sad that the understanding of men seemed to have narrowed itself, as century of Christianity followed century.

How did it happen that the "Sacred Heart" became a devotion of "tender, sentimental emotions," stressing "its likes and dislikes"?

At what point of Christian history did it happen? Was the cause of it the Jansenist heresy that has cast such long, long shadows on so many minds and hearts? Was it the slow divorce of the faithful—perhaps through no one's fault—from the source of Catholicism, the LITURGY? Or was it the insecurity, the neuroses of our hapless century, that sought emotional security in the humanity of Christ, and almost endowed Him with neurotic reactions?

Who can tell why this happened?

THE SACRED HEART OF CHRIST . . . AND HIS PRECIOUS BLOOD. Both are symbols.

The symbol of the Sacred Heart is the very essence of His personality. It is the symbol of His strength, His urge, His drive, to sacrifice Himself for us.

Yet we have to ask what it was that filled that tremendous heart, and led Him to Golgotha's madness. The answer almost shouts at us!

If we re-read the Scriptures with attention and recollection, we shall see of what THE SACRED HEART IS REALLY THE SYMBOL.

LOVE . . . OF COURSE. LOVE OF THE FATHER . . . THIS IS THE ALPHA AND OMEGA . . . THE BEGINNING AND END . . . THE TRUE MOTIVATION OF ALL HIS ACTIONS FROM HIS INCARNATION TO THE REDEMPTION OF MAN.

In every generation, finite man sensing this tremendous truth, has tried to put it into some symbol. Then the Lord helped man, through many of His saints, especially through Margaret Mary Alacoque, the nun who saw Christ holding forth His love, His Heart.

Christ wanted love in return. Love cannot be taught. It can be set afire. It can increase. It can drive the entire world to love.

Example is still the best teacher . . . Love, and you will sow the world with love.

What does our shivering insecure world need most of all? Love! And you and I must give it.

But we are small and weak. Hence the symbol of the Sacred Heart, which must lead us back to Christ, to the Eucharist, the Mass, the Precious Body and Blood THAT ARE OUR FOOD ON THE WAY.

We need help to become mirrors of Christ, and to love as Christ did — in deed and truth unto the end — loving the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, the Three in one, and also to love Mary, Our Lady of the Trinity. And we need help to prove that love by loving our neighbor unto the end.

Let us then, in this glorious month of July and His Precious Blood, which follows so beautifully that of the Sacred Heart, shed those "tender emotions" that sentimental attitude, and truly plunge deeply into the ESSENCE of which the SACRED HEART IS THE SYMBOL, AND THE PRECIOUS BLOOD THE SEAL!

We shall not be able to face the unknown tomorrow, in which our faith may be tried to the breaking point of all human endurance, mental and physical . . . if we subsist purely on "tender emotions" . . . or sentimentalized devotions."

Not when we can have the stark incredible glorious REALITY!



Eddies Of 1956

By
EDDIE DOHERTY

How would you like a nice good poke in the eye? For Christ! How would you enjoy a smashed lip, a broken head, an ear torn off—or a ten year stretch in a smelly cell? For Christ!

It looks like one of those times when Catholics should get ready to suffer anything and everything for their Faith. We don't know what's coming, nor when it's coming, nor from whence it will come. But it seems — to me at least — to be most certainly on its way.

Get Them First?

Sometime ago I asked a priest a leading question. "Father, what would you do if the Commies dropped down by parachute and took over this community in the night?" I expected to hear him say that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church — or something similar. I was a little taken aback to hear him say, calmly, "Well, I'd get as many of them as I could, before they got me or any of my flock."

We don't know how we would act in such a case. Would we stand up bravely against torture and imprisonment, against slow brain-washing techniques, and against the knowledge that we should certainly die unless we denied God? Maybe we would be glorious martyrs. Maybe we would be inglorious poptroons.

But do not think it is only the Communists we must fear.

This morning I cut two items out of the paper. One was dated Rome, Italy. It told how Communists and Socialists were demanding the removal of crucifixes from the walls of voting places.

The voting places were in schools. The crucifixes were on the walls of the school rooms. The friends of the devil could not endure the sight of these representations of Christ on the cross — not even for the few moments it took them to mark a cross upon a ballot.

The Devil's Mistake

Truly the devil hates and fears the Crucified. The crucifix will ever remind him of the hellish mistake he made when he induced his friends to crucify the Son of God.

There was no news in that squib. Hell's business as usual. With the commies, it is just routine to give Christ the bum's rush whenever possible. But here's an item from Crown Point, Indiana. And I don't think the New World of Chicago will sue me if I quote a few lines from it.

"Three taxpayers filed suit in Lake County Circuit Court here seeking removal of a 20 foot crucifix erected in Wicker Park at Highland, Ind., last Oct. 17, by the Knights of Columbus."

The names of the taxpaying trio were given. One was listed as "a social studies teacher at East Chicago Washington High School." Another was a steel worker, and the third a civil engineer.

Ala Commy

"They charged," says the New World, "that erection of the 'sectarian symbol' violated the separation of Church and State as defined in the U. S. and Indiana constitutions."

The commies in Italy are heartily in accord with this. Putting up crucifixes in election premises or on public property is violating the separation of Church and State. "A most heinous violation, fellow Reds."

The Knights of Columbus obtained permission of the authorities — or the State, if you wish to use the term — before they erected the crucifix. They meant the figure of Christ to stand as a perpetual memorial of the American dead — American soldiers, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Atheists, and men of no religious belief whatever; men who died for America as Christ died for humanity.

Why should three taxpayers object?

I think the whole point of the story is contained in these lines:

The Ministers

"Its erection brought protests from the Greater Hammond Ministerial association and the Highland Ministerial association, both of which charged that the memorial was a symbol of the Roman Catholic Church, and as such, its erection on public property violated the American principle of separation of Church and State. The Rev. Calvin Phillips, pastor of the South Side Christian Church of Hammond . . . said . . . 'we are not carrying on a campaign against the Roman Catholic Church . . . we would feel the same regarding any denomination which would erect a sectarian symbol on public property.'"

Whether they like it or not these Indiana ministers are linked with the crucifix-haters of communist Italy — and of Red Russia and Red China. If they don't like it they have but themselves to blame. Surely they must have more important things to do in their own particular neighborhoods than to so concern themselves about a "religious symbol." They didn't HAVE to join this crusade against Christ on the Cross.

The Cross Is Christian

The crucifix, in the first place, is really not a symbol. It is the representation, the miniature image, of an actuality. It is a reminder. There was a cross, and there a Man was crucified on it. The Man was Christ.

If, loosely, and stubbornly, one still wishes to refer to the crucifix as a symbol, he can not logically say it is a "sectarian symbol." It is rather a Christian symbol — since it reminds us of Christ.

The Rev. Calvin Phillips, pastor of the South Side Christian Church of Hammond, should not object to a Christian symbol — to anything that could remind him of Christ.

What Christian symbol would the Rev. Mr. Phillips respect? What Christian symbols are there in the Protestant churches? Frankly, I do not know. I am as innocent, and as ignorant, of them as it is possible to be. I have heard that many ministers will not tolerate the crucifix, that many will not have even the cross about them or their churches. I wonder if there is any Christian symbol at all in their places of worship?

Have they even pictures of their holy founders, Luther, Calvin, Henry the Eighth, et al, to grace their otherwise unsymbolized sanctuaries — to use a papist word?

For What Purpose

What Protestant sect would erect what sectarian symbol where — I should like the Rev. Mr. Phillips to tell me — and for what purpose? And why should the figure of Christ dying in agony on the cross of His love for all men everywhere give such terrible affront to the sectarian ministers who put up no sectarian symbols of any kind to honor the American dead?

A small thing, you say. Perhaps. But indicative. Indicative of a growing menace of hate. The Ku Klux Klan has come back, re-warmed and re-venomed, out of its grave. Hate resurrected. The hate of bigots — which is the bitterest and most diabolical kind of hate.

Indiana was a breeding ground for the Klan in days not yet forgotten. And Lake County was not the only section of the state that knew the fiery cross.

They Burn The Cross

By the way, Rev. Mr. Phillips, is the fiery cross a sectarian symbol? And shall we see it oftener than we used to — do you know?

The Klan is honest in its hatred of Catholics — and crucifixes too. It doesn't speak in prissy words. It doesn't speak, period. It acts.

We shall have trouble with the Klan, we Catholics. We shall have trouble with communists too. And with many other enemies we still know not, at home and abroad. Men who hate Our Lady. Men who hate Catholic schools. Men who make a religion out of hate — men who should take as their symbol the figure of a grinning imp of hell.

Some Catholics will answer fiery crosses with flaming houses and stores and shops and sectarian halls and churches. But most of us will not try to return a single blow.

Love Your Enemies

It is good to suffer for Christ on the crucifix. It is good to die for Him, by any death hate can devise. It is good to be imprisoned for Him, or to be shut up in a madhouse for Him. And it is good to suffer and to die for those who hate and persecute us.

It would be wise to prepare for martyrdom — martyrdom even for women and children. It would be wise to join the Holy Father in praying for increased sanctity in the priesthood. We must have saintly priests to lead us in the times to come. Saintly priests and saintly people.

And the time to start preparing, I should say, is right now — while the Rev. Mr. Phillips and his fellow ministers busy themselves about this intolerable situation of the crucifix erected on public property. We must be about Our Father's business, while the ministers go about theirs.

OUR NEEDS

BEDS, SINGLE BEDS, EVER MORE BEDS . . . TYPEWRITERS, OLD, AND NOT SO OLD. WE REPAIR THEM AND SO CAN USE THEM . . . CLOTHING FOR MEN AND WOMEN, FROM BIRTH TO DEATH, EVERYTHING WEARABLE, NYLON STOCKINGS WITH RUNS, OLD ONES, FOR RUG MAKING . . . SAWS, ALL KINDS AND SIZES . . . HAMMERS, DITTO . . . REMNANTS OF PAINTS, OUTDOOR OR INDOOR . . . VARNISHES . . . STAINS . . . LACQUERS, SLOW DRYING, FAST DRYING, ANY COLOR . . . ALL NEEDED AND MOST WELCOME.

HAS YOUR FAMILY GROWN UP? PERHAPS NOW YOU DO NOT NEED THAT BIG ROASTING PAN? THOSE BIG FRYING PANS AND KETTLES AND SAUCEPANS? OUR "FAMILY" IS GROWING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS. WHY NOT SEND US THOSE BIG CLUMSY THINGS THAT OCCUPY SO MUCH ROOM NOW THAT THE KITCHEN IS SMALLER.

MOVING FROM SUBURBIA TO A CITY? FROM A HOUSE TO AN APARTMENT? WHAT ABOUT THOSE GARDEN UTENSILS OR TOOLS, BENT NOW FROM SERVICE? SEND THEM ALONG. WE WILL UNBEND THEM AND USE THEM FOR YEARS TO COME.

WE ARE PRAYING FOR SPINNING WHEELS. SO MANY ARE GATHERING DUST IN FARM ATTICS SINCE GRANNY DIED. OH! HOW WE COULD USE THEM. WE ARE GETTING OUR OWN SHEEP, AND WE NEED WOOLEN SOCKS CHEAP. WE CAN SPIN . . . AND KNIT . . . ONLY WE HAVE NO SPINNING WHEEL.

ANY OLD LOOMS AROUND, HALF BROKEN OR WHOLE? WE CAN USE THESE TOO . . . OLD BIG CAULDRONS, THAT GRANDPA USED TO USE WHEN KILLING PIGS, THE HEAVY IRON KIND? THEY ARE SO HARD TO BUY THESE DAYS, YET THERE ARE SO MANY LYING AROUND THE OLD BARN. WE WOULD BE SO GRATEFUL FOR THEM . . . RELIGIOUS ARTICLES . . . BOOKS FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN. PLEASE . . . AND THANK YOU!

POSTAL ADDRESS: MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA. FREIGHT AND RR. EXPRESS—SAME AS ABOVE PLUS: "via Canadian National Railways, to BARRY'S BAY, ONTARIO, CANADA."

WHEN SHIPPING FROM THE STATES, ADD ALSO: "IN BOND TO RENFREW, ONT." We get most shipments duty free, as we use them for missionary and charitable purposes only.

Outer Circle Letter No. 134

In our last letter we discussed some answers to the most vital question of our days. The question of relations between parents and children that seem so strained as to become almost chaotic. Resulting in juvenile delinquency, in the disruption of homes and of society of which "the family" is the primary unit.

Specifically we started to discuss, what broadly could be called RE-CHRISTIANIZATION OF THE HOME, which Our Holy Father puts as APOSTOLATE NUMBER ONE in his lists of Apostolates. In fact, he told me in a private audience I had with him in 1951, that all apostolates should help to restore the home to Christ, no matter what other aims and goals may be theirs.

This restoration begins, as we saw in the last letter, with an examination of the parents' consciences. The first question here is—WHAT IS THEIR ATTITUDE TO GOD AND TO EACH OTHER? We outline sketchily some searching questions re the first part. Let us now try to touch lightly on the second part, for in letters like these we could not even begin to approach this immense theme. But fervently we hope that these bare outlines of it will start at least a few parents thinking. Maybe they would like to express their ideas in letters, thus starting a much needed process of clarification.

What then about their attitude to each other? Who are parents anyhow? To begin with, they are human beings who usually did not know each other very well, who fell in love and decided to marry. What did they really know about this glorious, beautiful vocation of marriage, one of the "hardest" vocations there is?

Priests have long years of preparation in Seminaries. So do all religious, male and female. But who gets prepared for marriage and where is its novitiate?

Frankly it should begin at the fathers' or mothers' knees, and of THEIR EXAMPLE. Long ago perhaps it did.

Back to the present boy and girl about to marry. They are "in love." But do they LOVE? Do they understand that theirs is the vocation TO LOVE and TO LOVE SO WELL THAT THEIR CHILDREN WILL LEARN LOVE BY JUST BEING THEIR CHILDREN AND GOING INTO THE SCHOOL OF THEIR LOVE?

Do they comprehend that LOVE IS TOTAL SURRENDER, IN THIS CASE TO ONE ANOTHER, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD AND EACH OTHER? DO THEY UNDERSTAND THAT LOVE NEVER USES THE PRONOUN "I" . . . AND IS NEITHER SELFISH NOR SELF CENTERED?

On the answer to THESE questions depends so much. Who can truthfully say entering marriage that they KNOW THESE ANSWERS? Take again the idea of rights. True, before the law, man and wife have certain rights. That is as it should be, for life IS complex and human nature is human nature. BUT rights are relinquished for love's sake. A nun may be an American who has inherently the right of free travelling and movement. Yet BECAUSE OF LOVE OF GOD, SHE VOLUNTARILY ENCLOSURES HERSELF INTO A STRICT CONVENT . . . SURRENDERING RIGHTS FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

So with man and wife.

THE TWO BECOME ONE . . . MAN AND WOMAN SHALL LEAVE PARENTS AND HOME AND CLEAVE TO ONE ANOTHER . . . BECOMING ONE FLESH.

This means a surrender . . . a giving of oneself until, in truth, two are one flesh, one mind, one heart, one soul. For those who understand this, and alas how few there are, the veil of faith gets gossamer thin . . . at Communion . . . When husband and wife become one in the heart of Christ. That is where that oneness is felt most by those who believe . . . and believing see.

Oneness of vocation, of love, of mind, heart, soul, and body — a man and woman bound by the soft unbreakable bonds of an awesome Sacrament-form a home. It truly does not matter if it is a palace, a hovel, or anything in between, good or medium, comfortable or uncomfortable, by our crazy modern standards. HOME is not a dwelling, built by hands . . . but by LOVE, by that unity, that oneness, that will make out of a hovel a palace of joy and peace . . . because the tranquility of God's order reigns in the heart of it.

Such a "home," and all that goes into its making, makes mentally-healthy parents and children. Here there will be no juvenile delinquency, no marital problems, nor child-parent ones. Because all will find LOVE AND, HENCE SECURITY, which alone promotes that really emotional health we call MATURITY when the calendar years and the emotional years blend.

How to achieve these conditions —NOW? Won't you write your ideas on that? Sincerely in His infinite Charity, Catherine Doherty.



THE SEED

By Lucille Dupuis

The land waited quietly. The rain of His Love came; First in torrents, to saturate, to fulfil, to complete. Then the rain fell gently, Each glistening drop a gem of affection, To clothe all nature in dancing splendor; To soothe the ruffled hearts of men; To still the craving; To heal the gaping wounds of misunderstanding; To bring forth all which is of Him, To become absorbed, To become as one To melt the steel encasement of the self That it might well up and out To engulf all in a passionate sea of Love, Raging and rampaging the fertile earth of all men's hearts, To plant "The Seed" there— To grow there— To "Be" there!

Pope Pius XII, To The Young Catholic Women

(A Private Translation)

You inaugurate today, dear daughters, (April 3, 1956) the Congress which has brought together in Rome the members of the World Federation of Catholic Young Women. And moved by your filial affection, which we greatly appreciate in all its delicacy, you are now coming to offer Us, with joy and fervor, the proof of your devotedness and the new projects of your zeal.

During this week you will give yourselves tirelessly to study sessions, meetings, manifestations of faith and piety, and you will tackle together the essential problem of every Catholic Action movement, namely, the spiritual life.

Prayer — Technique

We say essential because more than problems of internal organization, or of action upon the environment, the spiritual life constitutes the very heart of the Christian apostolate, especially now when the orientation of the modern world, and its ever increasing resort to the prodigious resources of technique seem diametrically opposed to the serious practice of prayer and union with God.

The survey which you have made as a preparation for these study-days has undoubtedly revealed to you the conflict which is found in so many young Christians today. Enthusiastically discovering the means of knowledge and action at their disposal, they seize upon them without hesitation, use them without reflection, and set out to conquer a universe whose boundaries each day are moved back by science and technology.

Speed — Spirit

Increased speed and more convenient means of communication, the wealth of books and periodicals, radio, movies, television bring them into contact with all the forms of human life and activity. Caught in this whirlwind which gives them no time for reflection and recollection, how can they help losing the import of other realities, truer, higher, but also more austere? — those of the spiritual life, for which, in spite of everything, they still long, but which are in danger of gradually losing, in their eyes, all value and meaning...

The modern world is being constructed as a building of gigantic proportions. But the human soul, in spite of its awe and its attachment to this new home, will never be able to escape the mystery of its origin and of its destiny, the hold of God its Creator, for Whom it is made and to Whom it must return.

Your apostolate finds help in this basic concern; but to be able to lead others to discover the supernatural in all its plenitude, you must yourselves, by meditation, make the long and difficult journey which goes from the spontaneous faith of children and simple souls to the fully conscious assimilation of the integral Christian message and of its requirements.

Civilization — God

Modern civilization seduces men by its character of actuality; it stretches out towards the future, towards conquest, towards the organization of a society which overflows political and ethnical boundaries and extends to the universe.

How can you remain convinced of the no less passionating actuality and power of the spiritual life, if you have not experienced it in some way, if each day you do not try to penetrate a little more into this world, more secret, but more real and marvelous than the other, and to discover it under the direction of God himself?

The difficulty comes when the inevitable conditions of such a discovery are considered. For here noise, agitation, speed lose all their rights. One must enter the interior sanctuary in calm and silence. One must especially wait patiently and humbly for the action of grace. One must accept the will of Another, of whom St. John the Baptist said: "He must grow and I must diminish." (Jn. 3, 30).

Practice — Tradition

How many young people have the courage to bind themselves to daily prolonged prayer, which is the only way that leads to the presence of God? Do not hope, dear daughters, to exercise an apostolate worthy of the name unless you first accept this elementary requirement upon which Christian tradition has always insisted. Materialistic civilization strives to anchor man in the present world, to display before his eyes merely human hopes, to increase his trust in the efficacy of human labor and its power to remedy all the ills of humanity. Christians themselves do not escape this fascination.

Some, too sure of themselves, find it difficult to admit the pre-

cariousness of results due only to technical and economic resources. Others, incapable of the sincere effort required for a true Christian life, attempt to reduce its exigencies.

They press for concessions, arrangements. Dogma offends them by its absolute character. They accuse Christian morality of being unreasonable and would prefer to see it adapted to the circumstances of this modern age, to the apparently insurmountable difficulties in the way of its observance.

Precepts — Obedience

Thus they bend the rigor of precepts to the subjective appreciation of individuals.

And you know also what obedience to the Church, to its directives, to its advice of prudence costs many of your contemporaries.

To restore in your social environment the meaning of authentic Christianity, fully conscious of these problems, you must first discover the true principle of solution, namely, a fervent life of grace, jealously protected and nourished. This fervor, far from affecting only the superficial layers of sensibility, must impregnate the whole soul, penetrate the intellect and shed its light upon the knowledge of revealed truths and upon the moral norms which direct individual and social behavior.

The attitude of man to earthly goods, to technical conquests particularly, depends upon the conviction, not merely theoretical, but intimately lived and nourished by prayer and reflection, that this is a passing world, ("Praeterit enim figura hujus mundi," I Cor. 7, 31), and that for sinful man there is salvation only in accepting the sacrifice of Christ, of death with Him and in Him.

Church — World

The true life is not to be found here but above. But it does begin here upon earth in him who adheres to Christ and all His teachings. That is, it begins in him who recognizes the Church as the depositary of the divine message, which it interprets with infallibility, and of the power of governing and sanctifying men.

Like all the other girls of today, you are well aware of your own personal autonomy and you reject any authority which gives no proof of its legitimacy. The Church, and the submission due to it, are justified, in final analysis, by faith. The love of God poured into your hearts by the Holy Spirit (cf. Rom., 5, 5) alone can make you understand and accept all that Christ teaches through the Church without dissimulating, curtailing, expunging anything.

Success — Humility

You love also to rush into action and to enjoy the fruits of your initiative. Who but the Holy Spirit can teach you humility in the midst of success?

Alas, many girls well disposed but of superficial faith, lacking reasoned convictions, are attracted by generous sentiments, by apparently lofty ideas, by bold apostolic enterprises. Unfortunately, they give in to this attraction without discernment, and are frequently in danger of committing serious mistakes — of which they have to bear the sad consequences. They have religious training but neither complete nor solid; their minds prefer brilliant formulas to solid doctrine, spectacular actions to hidden and generous service.

Virtue — Sacrifice

Be you, therefore, eager, dear daughters, for a stable and well balanced interior life. Neglect no aspect of Christian truth, but search with patience and seriousness its inexhaustible wealth. Strive to practice all the virtues, scorning none. When you do not understand the reason for a particular restriction, for a particular measure taken by the authorities, may you obey dutifully. Grace, the reward of your humility, will soon enlighten you.

Finally, who can call himself truly a member of the Savior who redeemed a sinful world by His suffering and death, without accepting his own share of the

sacrifice, without wanting each day to conform his life more closely to that of the Crucified? The modern world, penetrated as it is by materialistic influences, and attuned to pleasure and the easy way, does not understand this requirement and adopts practical attitudes which are opposed to it. Since you must live in this world and be subjected to its influence, it is clear that you have a fight on your hands. You bear within yourselves a kind of conflict. You want to be children of light in a world which refuses the light.

Ideals — Battles

If renouncing so many attractive aspects of modern life seems hard to you, let yourselves first be conquered by the ideal which Christ proposes to you. It is the noblest of all, since it invites you to personal intimacy with God Himself, and to the conquest of the world to His Kingdom, to love and universal brotherhood? ("Ego vinci mundum" (Jn. 16, 33): "I have conquered the world," He says to his own.

The battle you fight in Catholic Action is essentially an interior and spiritual one. It is on this level that you must first, by self-renunciation, overcome the oppositions of nature to this new life which springs up in your souls and would flower there. And the fruits of your charity and works will abound and last, the more so as they give witness to deep and authentically supernatural roots.

Faith — Blood

We know full well, dear daughters, that the way we indicate to you requires courage and abnegation. But think of so many of your sisters who, at this very hour, are fighting heroically to preserve their faith, and who willingly face martyrdom of heart and body.

May their love for Christ, and their dauntlessness, sustain your daily efforts! If at times you feel you are making only a modest contribution to the immense task at hand, thank the Lord, Who deigns to accept and reward your faithfulness by letting you serve Him better and more.

We beseech Him to bestow His favors abundantly upon you, your associations, and all your enterprises. And as a pledge, We gladly give you Our paternal Apostolic Blessing.

WHY WE OBEY

(Continued from Page One)

This obedience of ours will have, like Christ's, a double motive: atonement in justice, and witnessing in love. Like Christ's, it should know no limit, and to any new challenging difficulty, we should be able to answer with him: "SHALL I NOT DRINK THE CHALICE MY FATHER HAS PREPARED FOR ME?" Our obedience should be humble, because we ARE sinners, and as such deserve the cross. "WE INDEED JUSTLY, FOR WE RECEIVED THE DUE REWARD OF OUR DEEDS" (Lk. 23, 41) in the words of the good thief.

And it should be willing and joyful, because it is our Father Whom we obey. "BE PATIENT WHILE CORRECTION LASTS; GOD IS TREATING YOU AS HIS CHILDREN" (Heb. 12, 7).

Ultimately all obedience will be absorbed into the Passion, and "make up what is wanting in the sufferings of Christ."

His Entire Life

"LEARN OF ME." While the lesson of Good Friday is clear enough, it takes a little bit more reflection to learn that the whole of Christ's life, not only His death, was obedience, and that it should be the same with us, who are called to be conformed to him.

Christ's first act of obedience was the Incarnation: HOLOCAUSTUM NOLUISTI, TUNC DIXI, ECCE VENIO." It is for lack of grasping this truth that so many have fallen into heresy concerning the Person of Christ. Christ did not "play" at becoming man, He became man and OBEYED all the laws of human nature, the joys and sorrows, and the emotions and thoughts, even unto death.

So must we too, willingly, submit to the laws of nature, beginning with the laws of OUR nature and condition, heredity, sex, education, talents; in other words with our LIMITATIONS. For His human nature, perfect though it was, was for the Word of God a terrible limitation, of which we can have no idea. What we call "frustration" could be but a pale shadow of it. By bearing it cheerfully, we imitate Christ's obedience.

People Interfered

Moreover, Our Lord submitted, all His life, to the course of events willed by His Father. He fulfilled in minute detail all the prophecies written about Him, "SO THAT ALL JUSTICE MIGHT BE ACCOMPLISHED," and in spite of His impatience, waited until the time was ripe. "MY HOUR HAS NOT YET COME." He, the master of nature and of man, allowed people to interfere with His plans; Mary to hasten the moment of His first miracle; the Canaanite woman almost to force Him into a wondrous cure.

So must we too submit with scrupulous fidelity to the smallest details of our vocation. Nothing can be too small, too insignificant. God did not deem it too insignificant to drink a drop of vinegar because it was mentioned in the Scriptures. On the other hand, we must be adaptable, no matter what the cost, and allow people and events to interfere even with our most holy plans. "The duty of the moment is the duty of God."

Christ subjected himself to all authority. Saint or sinner was equally unworthy to command Him, their Creator. Yet in Gethsemani He allowed the Jews to seize and bind Him — In Nazareth, for 30 years, He had obeyed His mother.

Upon this, there is no need to comment. Saint Paul has already warned us to obey, not only the masters who are just, but even those who are not, for God's sake. Authority in our life will be just and unjust, Mary's or Pilate's. In either case, we will submit. And it will not be easy.

And The Reward?

But the reward is beyond words. "HE WAS OBEDIENT UNTO DEATH; GOD THEREFORE GAVE HIM A NAME THAT IS ABOVE ALL NAMES, SO THAT IN THE NAME OF JESUS ALL KNEES SHOULD BOW." And in His glory we will all share. "SO THAT, WHERE I AM, THERE THEY MAY BE TOO." His Resurrection is the foretaste of ours.

His victory is the seed of our triumph. Just as disobedience is sterile and bitter, so is obedience fruitful and fecund. "I AM THE VINE, YOU THE BRANCHES; HE THAT ABIDETH IN ME, AND I IN HIM, THE SAME BEARETH MUCH FRUIT." (John 15, 5). — This is no new commandment that He did not practice Himself. "The Father loves me because I always do His Will." "The Son does nothing of Himself."

So can we, even in this life, hope for a union with Christ which is an image and shadow of His union with the Father. "I LIVE, NOT I, BUT CHRIST LIVETH IN ME."

Love and obedience cannot be separated. "HE WHO LOVES ME KEEPS MY COMMANDMENTS." This is why those who want to love Him more seek to surrender their will by perfect obedience to those who represent Him, and of whom He has said, "HE WHO LISTENS TO YOU LISTENS TO ME."

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page One)

for some few women. It makes me young. It makes me want to shout. It makes me throw myself on my knees in the field or the rocky hill, and whisper love words to You.

And I am not a girl in her first romance. I am a tough old man who believed, long years ago, that he would lick any other man with his two fists. And perhaps I was right.

I am a cactus-like old sinner, Lord — but unlike St. Peter I do not beg you to depart from me. And unlike St. Augustine I do not say, "Too late have I known You, too late have I loved You." I say: "I have waited more than sixty years to love You truly, Lord. Let my love be such that it will make up for all that wasted time. Spiritually I am a cactus; but at last I have a blossom to exhibit to your eyes. Let it be worth the years it took to bloom."

Is it strange, Lord, that I should write You of my love? How many men since David have so written You? How many have written You a letter of any kind? Is it a childish thing to do? Then let me stay a child!

God Writes Too

I have said in some book or other, through the inspiration of the Queen of Writers, that You send love letters to us every day. We read them in the lustre of a snail shell, in the contour of a lofty elm, in the color of a sunset, in the smell of wild roses or of lilies of the valley, in the birth of a baby or the hatching of a chick.

Why is it silly, then, for me to answer You in kind? The letter will be delivered, even though I never sees an envelope, nor any

kind of stamp. And it will be read, in heaven and on earth.

I did not mean to write at such a length, Omnipotent, All-Knowing, Trinity. I meant merely to thank you for the day, and to ask that all the prayers — all the alleluias of the woods and fields — all the things that have my name upon them, and the names of friends and kindred — come up to You through Mary. Mary, Your daughter and Your mother and Your virgin spouse! Our Lady of Combermere. The queen, the mother, the woman I have loved ever since I can remember—even, God, when I thought I hated You. I loved her first, and You because of her. Had I not loved her, Lord, should I ever have found You?

Goodbyes Come Hard

I meant to keep my letter short; but it got away from me. It is hard for a lover to say good-



bye to One he loves. Let me say this before I close. You write to all the people in the world. And most of them are blind and deaf, and they cannot read Your simple love words. What can I do to make them see and hear? How can I teach them to read—that they too may know the joy of loving You?

I love You, God. How can I make this dumb world love You? Thanks for the day. But it would not have been perfect had You not given me Yourself this morning in Communion. This morning, and many other blessed mornings.

Lord of lords, Maker of all things, it is easy to thank You for the carpet, for the sun and the wind, for the flight of butterflies and birds, and for all the love I found, barefooted, in Your woods. Words of thanks burst forth in me, as the buds in Your young poplar trees burst into leaf. But it is impossible to thank You for the Gift Your priests place on my tongue.

It is impossible to thank You for giving me Yourself!

I have but myself to give You in exchange. And I am shoddy. An insignificant, a poor, a shabby, a ridiculous return! But Our Lady will make the gift acceptable to You. She has the touch. She knows the way. I leave myself in her hands. She will make something of me yet, hopeless as it may seem to me.

I cannot thank you for Yourself, dear Lord. Let me make up in love then, all that I lack in thanks. Enlarge my picayune heart that it may love you more and ever more. Yours truly, Eddie.

No Catholic Bible?

The word "Bible" originated in the fifth century. The word then referred to the seventy-three books which Pope Damasus and the Bishops of the Church selected, in 382 A.D. as being inspired. In 1452, the first printing press gave us the Gutenberg Bible, consisting of seventy-three books. Every Christian Bible in the world at that time comprised seventy-three books. Why should any Christian accept an incomplete Bible of sixty-six books (known as the King James Version); especially those who respect St. Paul who said, (2 Tim. 3:16), "all Scripture is inspired"? The Church "created" the Bible. The Bible did not "create" the Church, and Jesus tells us to listen to the Church (Matt. 18:17).

A Letter To Mary

Dear Mary, gracious Mother of God and mine. It truly has come to pass that I have to sit down and write You this letter. I am a little confused. And since You are, in truth, the real Directress of this our incipient Secular Institute of Domus Dominae (Maddonna House), to whom else can I turn for clarification?

The men are still coming to us. Now that of course is a matter for rejoicing. To see young, gallant, stalwart men ready to give their lives to God in this hard and lonely Apostolate to the Market Places of your Son, is a glorious sight indeed.

Confusion, Mother

Bishops are still writing, and so are various priests, re new foundations. It seems as if the world, the whole world of Dioceses of the Church, needed Lay Apostles, Catholic Action, and Secular Institutes. That I know is also as it should be — for isn't our beloved Holy Father, the Vicar of your Son on earth, begging, in season and out, day in and day out, for just such Lay Groups?

So far... so good... I am with you ever step of the way.

But here I get confused. To answer the calls of the Ordinaries the world over, I need vocations. I have them. But these young men, and women too, aren't angels. They have to have at least a spot of a floor to put a straw mattress on to sleep. They have to have walls and a roof, primitive and cheap as it can be made, to keep out the snow and the cold.

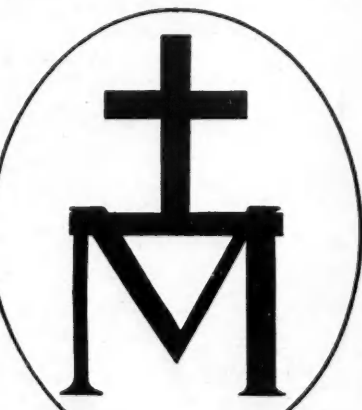
For at the moment we haven't got an extra "spot on the floor." All our existing buildings are taxed to capacity. And most assuredly there IS NO NEW ROOF... AND THERE ARE NO WALLS... BECAUSE THERE IS NO MONEY TO ERECT THEM.

This Dilemma

WHAT SHALL I DO? Refuse the youth that is coming? Quite evidently, that is unthinkable. Beg for the SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS that would provide those walls and roof and sleeping space? Naturally! THAT answer leaps right up. I HAVE BEGGED... AND BEGGED... AND I AM STILL BEGGING... AND I WILL CONTINUE. For I know you will give me the graces needed for utter Faith... complete Trust in your Son's Providence, full abandonment to it too.

Yet there is this question of our climate. It will be terribly cold here around about November (as you well know). That leaves FOUR AND A HALF MONTHS to build that building, which we already, in faith, have named St. Goupil's, after the Lay Jesuit Martyr of these parts.

The men are here. The cold will come in four and a half months. And all I have in St. Goupil's bursar is 25 dollars. That leaves FIVE THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS TO GO.



Your Advice

How about it? There are some who tell me I should be PRUDENT and accept only as many vocations as I can accommodate. Confusing, isn't it? ... when deep down in my heart I know... You and Your Divine Son would not like that at all.

What would you think about this idea? You know everybody on earth. Each is your own child... for most assuredly you purchased motherhood at the highest price imaginable. How would it be, if you talked to a few of your children and suggested to them the donation of a THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH?

That would go fast and take only six people to work on. Or if you prefer, get enough to donate TEN DOLLARS EACH... OR TWENTY-FIVE.

It is, of course, up to you, if you agree with this idea. And it will, I know, depend on all the other things you have to do. Please consider this suggestion. I will wait in patience and in faith and love for your answer. Your loving daughter, Catherine.

THE B's CORNER

Last year was a rather exceptional year for me, inasmuch as I had to deal constantly with the problem of vocations. Since we are becoming a Secular Institute and have clarified our goals and aims, and written our Constitution, which is now in the hands of our good Ordinary... we have had a great influx of young people applying for the Institute. That in itself involved much talk re vocations in general, for many amongst them also had other vocations and wanted clarification.

True, I have dealt with youth and vocations of over twenty-five years now, and in my small way know a little about this vast and holy subject. Yet then as now, and especially NOW when all Orders and Dioceses are going "all out" to get much-needed vocations, I marvel at the utter lack of good solid knowledge about this vital subject. In fact it seems that "vocation" is the most mysterious word in their vocabulary, and they certainly have not been given a full and true explanation of it, or they would not be so hopelessly confused about it. It is therefore high time that the adult world of today, especially the part of it that deals with "vocations" (parents, priests, teachers religious and lay, head of Orders and of Lay Apostolates), sort of re-examine their approaches and especially the teaching of the young — and gave them the meaningful and unadulterated sense of this glorious word and all its connotations.

Essence of Vocation

First in that "examination" should be the stripping of all emotional, subjective, sentimental approaches to it. For definitely there is too much of all the above in the minds of the young. One cannot ascend Golgotha — on emotions, sentimentality and subjectivity. For every vocation is the same in one aspect... ALL "VOCATIONS" ARE VOCATIONS TO LOVE... And love is cruciform. Love surrenders utterly. It foregoes the pronoun "I." It dies to self, that it may live in the Beloved... via marriage or all other vocations.

Secondly, youth must be told that THERE IS NO META-PHYSICAL CERTAINTY ABOUT VOCATIONS. And must be told soon. For truly they acquire neuroses—if they never had them before, because of the thousand conflicts that are aroused in their emotions and also minds... re... "certainty." Their refrain always is... HOW CAN I BE SURE WHAT IS MY VOCATION. Emphasis on "SURE."

Or the contrary... "I FEEL that I must be a priest or a nun or brother..." "I FEEL," again the emotional, the subjective. And thus we have a horde, an army of youth of both sexes, running from priest to priest checking the first against the latest... seeking the unfindable... metaphysical certainty. Or we have another group bent on a fruitless quest of their own imagination, knocking at the doors of endless seminaries, Religious Houses and Lay Apostolates, trying to convince seasoned and experienced Superiors, that THEY... THE SEARCHERS KNOW, FEEL, ARE SURE, that they have a vocation to THEIR WAY OF LIFE.

Fruitless

What a waste of time, energy, which could be righted by good solid theological foundations, and knowledge from early youth up. Knowledge, stripped of its sentimental verbiage (where did this strange language start anyhow — that is being fed youngsters?)

Signs of vocations — clear and simple. No impediments. General suitability. Proper intentions. And in the case of marriage, proper preparation in home and school and church. In all others, willingness to be tried in order to be accepted, or rejected. For the only infallible sign IS THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE SUBJECT

BY THE SUPERIOR. Bishop... or Religious Superior, or that of Organized Lay Apostles. And in the case of a single life dedicated in the world alone... a trial time arranged by a spiritual director, and complete obedience to him thereafter. (Here lack of subjects and knowledge is so great on this side of the water that one can almost leave this "unusual vocation" out of this little sketch.)

Last but not least — pressure methods must go. Gentle, sentimental, emotional, subtle or not so subtle... they are disastrous and can result only in tragedy. For the purity of right intentions is clouded in youth at that point.

The opposite is true too, and also must be gotten rid of vigorously. The strange tragic idea that, a seminarian who does not become a priest is a "spoiled priest"; a nun who has not made the grade is to be pitied, etc., etc.

For because of these uncatholic and unrealistic ideas, many are afraid TO TRY... they know someone who... and look at what happened to them... they had nervous breakdowns... their families were crushed... etc., etc.

Could Be Fruitful

Youth should enter the TRAINING AND TESTING PERIODS knowing that this was the thing to do, that it was a generous act, a prudent act, a sensible act. That it would be conducive to his peace of mind, soul and heart. That nothing is lost by it—but much gained especially in wisdom and grace. That it was something to be sort of holily proud of — and not ashamed of — if in the course of time it became evident through this training, through this testing, that it was not for them. And if all concerned from novice mistress to superiors and fellow seminarian or novices took a wholesome joyous attitude of... "Fine you have tried... you have done your share... now go in peace, we are glad and so is God... put what you learned to good use." Welcomed at home the same way, then youth would be more at ease about all of it, and teach other young ones to think the same.

Yes... before we can hope to really increase our vocations... we must shed the light of true, simple, clear, holy knowledge on the WORD VOCATION ITSELF.

ON VIRGINITY

By Mary Ruth

I come to pray with heart so full of love... yet wondering just what to say, expressing it to Thee... Words are so weak. But words aren't needed when two lovers meet; and so, as lovers, when they come to love's fulfillment, need no other medium, love's union speaks... a symphony of ecstasy while two are one communion—Souls, bodies, hearts, in Thee are met... Another soul meets flesh to come to serve the Love uniting these and giving it fulfillment. So let my love upon its paten of Virginity be raised to Thee in passion of surrender... gift and giver Thine. As wheat is crushed to make a host—and grapes are pressed to be Thy Blood—So let my body racked with passion be, for then I have a sheaf... some ripened grapes... to crush for Thee—that love may know it's virginal fecundity in Thee!

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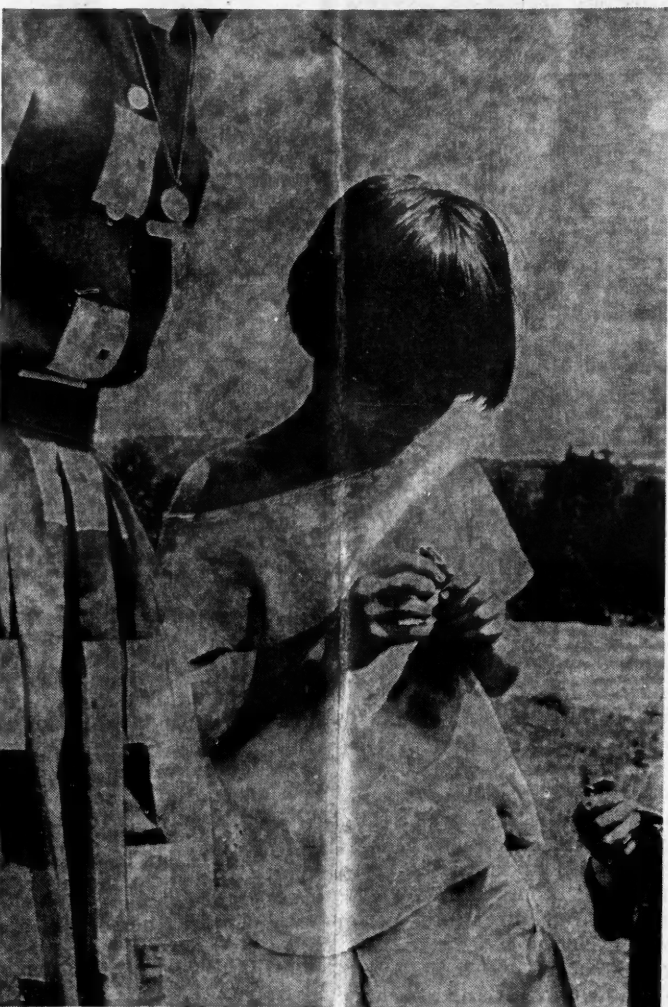
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"I GOT MY FROG, SIS. NOW YOU FIND ONE."



"GOT HIM!"



"Look, Nurse; aint he cute?" Frogs are hopping. Madonna House Clothing Room Staff Workers want to keep hopping too. We are always in need of Used (and New) Clothes.

THE SECRET OF MARY

(Continued from Page One)

day, five or six days a week. A slave belongs to his master all his life. He has no right to leave. He has no rights. He may be condemned and executed by his master. And the latter may not be molested by the law, even if he has punished his slave by the most cruel of deaths.

He who is a slave by force is fearfully dependent on the mercy — or the whim — of his master. How miserable his lot!

Exceedingly Happy

Strictly speaking, a man must be dependent, in that sense, only on the mercy — or the bounty — of his Creator. Hence we do not find this sort of slavery among Christians, but only among pagans.

But happy, exceedingly happy, is the generous soul that consecrates itself, as a slave of love, entirely, to Jesus through Mary!

To give ourselves to Jesus through Mary is to imitate God the Father, Who gave us His Son through Mary, and Who sends us His grace through her — and only through her.

And it is to imitate the Holy Ghost, Who bestows His gifts and graces upon us through Mary. "Is it not fitting that grace should return to its Author through the same channel that conveyed it to us?", St. Bernard asks.

We Are Unworthy

To go to Jesus through Mary is truly to honor Jesus, for it shows that we do not feel worthy of approaching His infinite holiness directly, because of our sins; and that we need Mary, His holy mother, to act as our advocate, our mediatrix with Him, our Mediator. It is to approach Jesus as our Mediator and Brother, and at the same time to humble ourselves before Him, as before our God and our Judge. It is an act of humility, which is always exceedingly pleasing to the heart of God.

To consecrate ourselves thus to Jesus through Mary is to place our good actions in the hands of Mary. The things we do—and consider good—are often far from perfection, and are unworthy of being accepted by God, before Whom even the stars are not pure.

Let us ask our dear Mother and Queen, then, to purify, sanctify, and embellish every little gift we present to her, and thus make it worthy of God.

A Wormy Apple

All that our soul possesses is of less value — in the matter of winning God's friendship and favor — than a worm-eaten apple presented by a poor farmer to a king as rental for his farm.

But suppose this poor farmer knew the queen, and was well-liked by her. And suppose he was a wise farmer. Would he not give his apple to the queen, that she might put it before the king?

The queen, out of kindness to the man who had nothing else to give, and out of respect for the king, would remove all the bad spots from the apple, place it in a gold dish, and surround it with flowers before she handed it to the king.

Would His Majesty refuse to accept the apple then? Would he not receive it with joy from the hands of His queen?

"If you wish to present something to God, no matter how small it may be," says St. Bernard, "and if you do not wish to be refused, place it in Mary's keeping."

How insignificant, great God, is everything we do!

She Will Repay

When we have given ourselves to Mary, to the utmost of our ability to give, and when we have placed everything in her hands, she will outdo us far in generosity. She will repay us a hundredfold. She will give herself to us, with all her merits and her virtues. She will place our little gifts on the golden plate of her charity. She will clothe us, as Rebecca clothed Jacob, with the beautiful garments of her first and only Son, Jesus Christ — that is, with His merits, which she has at her disposal!

Thus, though we have despoiled and stripped ourselves of everything, in her honor, we shall be "clothed in double garments."

These garments, the merits and virtues of Jesus and Mary, the

rich adornments, and the rare perfumes — will be lavished on the souls of slaves. And we shall be like princes and princesses so long as we refrain from clothing ourselves once more in ourselves.

To give ourselves thus to Our Lady is to practice charity toward our neighbor — as well as to practice humility. And it is charity of the highest possible rank; because we give, through Mary, all we hold dear, to the living and the dead, according as she wills to distribute it.

Mary, Our Bank

By this devotion we make Mary the bank of all our graces, merits, and virtues. We say to her, in effect:

"See, most sweet Virgin Mother, our Mistress and Queen, here are the good works I have been able to accomplish through the grace of your dear Son. I cannot keep them with me. I am too weak and too inconstant. And enemies assail me all the time, trying to steal from me."

"Every day, alas!, the tall cedars of Lebanon may crash into the dust or the mire. Every day the eagles soaring upward to the sun may turn into vultures. Every day a thousand of the just may fall at my left hand, and ten thousand at my right. I too may fall if you do not prop me up. Keep me upright. And keep all my treasures lest I lose or squander them, or throw them away, or am robbed of them."

"I know you, Mary, because I love you. And I love you because I know you. I know you will not let me or mine perish, nor any good thing of mine be lost, nor be harmed in any way. I give myself completely into your keeping, for I do not trust myself. I know myself too well."

(To be continued)



To A Protestant Friend

When you quote Scripture to me, you want me to believe what you think that God, or the writer of the Scripture, meant by what was written.

But Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, says to listen to the Church (Matt. 18:17), which St. Paul describes as "the pillar and mainstay of truth" (1 Tim. 3:15). And Scripture tells me not to listen to you. (Gal. 1:8-9; Heb. 13:9; 2 Thes. 2:15, 2 Tim. 4:3; Rom. 16:17).

Furthermore, the very first thing that Scripture warns against is private interpretation (2 Peter 1:20-21). By private interpretation, one may distort Scripture to his own destruction (2 Peter 3:16).

DEO GRATIAS

By Lavada Ward Strona

New signed with Ordination Oils The strong young arms of priests Lift high above the head The Sacred Bread, the Sacrament, The Eucharistic Sign That God comes down to man, to dwell with him.

The arms of priests long burdened With the weight of years Raise up the Host, the Chalice with the Wine

A little way. Man bows his head and knows by Faith

That neither age nor youth Nor strength nor weakness mars The glory of that Act of Adoration

Prior to union with his Lord.

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